

**H Y M N S**

**AND**

**LATER POEMS**

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**THOMAS MACKELLAR**

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HYMNS  
AND  
LATER POEMS.

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*By THOMAS MACKELLAR, Ph. D.*

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1900.

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THOMAS MACKELLAR.

1900.

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## PREFACE.

Thomas MacKellar was born in New York on August 12th, 1812, and died on December 29th, 1899.

Early drawn by his natural bent into a printing office, he reached the foremost place as a stereotyper and type founder, and displayed consummate taste in the manufacture and arrangement of plain and ornamental type. The firm of which he was the head and master-spirit became famous for its productions.

From his boyhood he seized every fragment of time for reading and study, and early did acceptable work in literary journals. Volume after volume of poetry followed in due course, and the present volume was prepared for the press by his own hand in his eighty-eighth year.

Mr. MacKellar's poetry follows the lines of his character and life. He was a devout Christian—gentle, loving, sympathetic—one of those, to use Keble's words,

"Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily toil with busy feet  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

Rhyming bees hummed in his brain in the street, in the busy office, in the gloaming, in wakeful hours at night, and were rapidly made to sing in poetic form on such themes as the joys and sorrows of home, the longings of Christian experience, the pathos of life, with

now and then a humorous piece natural to a man who in his boyhood preferred Cowper's "John Gilpin" to any other poem. He had the satisfaction of knowing that many of his poems had comforted the bereaved, the discouraged and weary among his readers. He had toil, care, bereavements, trials, and he knew the world and its sins and sorrows; but the clarion note of optimism rings clear through all his books, even in the poems of his extreme old age, because it is the Christian optimism, rooted in Christ, whom the Bible portrays as slain from the foundation of the world that He might become the enthroned Christ reigning over a new world.

In his eighty-sixth year a letter from him to the writer of this Preface contained these words: "I commit myself unto Him and ask for His blessing to attend my writings, that they may glorify Him and be helpful and comforting to my fellow creatures."

W. C. STITT.

NEW YORK, March 15th, 1900.

[One thousand copies of this volume have been printed by the Executors of the late Dr. Thomas MacKellar in accordance with his express wish.]



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# Eater Hymns.

## CIII. . . . . C. M.

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.—Rev. xxi. 6.

### I.

FROM our Redeemer's heart of grace  
A fount of mercy flows,  
Whose waters make the desert place  
To blossom as the rose.

*Ho! ye that thirst! come, ye who will!  
The fount is full and free:  
It flow'd of old, it floweth still,  
It flows for you and me.*

### II.

Unsatisfied since life began,  
And ceasing not to crave,  
How oft the weary heart of man  
Goes thirsting to the grave!

*Ho! ye that thirst, etc.*

## III.

The world has many a dreary waste  
Where wanderers go astray :  
O that their parchèd lips might taste  
This brook beside the way.

*Ho ! ye that thirst, etc.*

## IV.

We may not go afar to find  
A balm that cures the soul,  
When near us, fever'd, halt, or blind,  
The healing waters roll.

*Ho ! ye that thirst, etc.*

## V.

Fear not to take a brimming cup,  
A cup with blessing rife,  
Of this sweet water springing up  
To everlasting life.

*Ho ! ye that thirst, etc.*

## VI.

The fount of grace will flow till time  
Becomes eternity,  
And man in his immortal prime  
With Christ shall ever be.

*Ho ! ye that thirst, etc.*



## CIV. . . . 6, 6, 8, 6.

I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustaineth me.  
Ps. iii. 5.

## I.

I LAID me down and slept:  
The whirl of toil and care  
Around me all the day had swept,  
And pass'd like clouds in air:  
A child in Love's embraces kept,  
I laid me down and slept.

## II.

I slept till morning came,  
The slumber of the blest:  
I woke, to praise the holy name  
Of Him who giveth rest:  
A bird safe-shelter'd in its nest,  
I slept till morning came.

## III.

In God's appointed day,  
Its secret he doth keep,  
His voice of love will bid me lay  
My weary soul to sleep,  
Till He in heaven shall fold his sheep  
In his appointed day.

## CV. . . . . 7, 6.

Their Shepherd shall guide them unto fountains of water of life.  
Rev. vii. 17.

## I.

AN ever-living fountain  
O'erfloweth from above ;  
Its source is in the mountain  
Of God's eternal love.  
There's not in all creation  
So wonderful a thing,  
For Jesus' incarnation  
Is its unfathom'd spring.

*The ever-flowing fountain  
That cometh from the mountain  
Of God's eternal love. .*

## II.

Wherever man abideth  
Its healing waters run :  
Where'er a sinner hideth  
It finds the hidden one.

Its music has such sweetness  
It stills the throbbing breast,  
And brings it into meetness  
To enter heavenly rest.  
*The ever-flowing fountain, etc.*

## III.

Immortal life it giveth,  
A life on earth begun,  
And he that drinks e'er liveth  
In God's beloved Son.  
O wondrous is the fountain  
That cometh from above !  
It floweth from the mountain  
Of God's eternal love.  
*The ever-flowing fountain, etc.*

1893.



## CVI.

Press onward toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of  
God in Christ Jesus.—Phil. iii. 14.

## I.

ONWARD, comrades! move along!  
Higher up! higher up!  
Singing faith's triumphal song!  
Higher up! higher up!  
Strike the timbrel on the way,  
Let the silver cornet play  
With the trombone night and day,  
Higher up! higher up!

## II.

Forward! make no lagging stop!  
Higher up! higher up!  
Aiming for the mountain top—  
Higher up! higher up!  
Marching while we pray and sing,  
Christ our Captain, Christ our King,  
As his banner forth we fling,  
Higher up! higher up!

## III.

Jesus gives the victor's crown,  
Higher up ! higher up !  
Who would win may not look down :  
Higher up ! higher up !  
Heavy-laden if we be,  
Nearer to the prize are we :  
Sooner comes the victory,  
Higher up ! higher up !

## IV.

When the gates of glory ope,  
Higher up ! higher up !  
Full fruition crowns our hope,  
Higher up ! higher up !  
Faith is lost in sight ; and love  
From our hearts will ne'er remove  
In the glorious realm above,  
Higher up ! higher up !

1893.



## CVII. . . . . 7, 5.

Bartimæus, a blind beggar, was sitting by the wayside.—Mark x, 46.

## I.

WHAT, O friends, has come about?  
Why do all the people shout?  
“Jesus Christ the Nazarene,  
He is going by!”

## II.

Blessed news is this I hear!  
To the Master take me near,  
Jesus Christ the Nazarene,  
As he goeth by.

## III.

O that I could look upon  
Him who raised the widow's son,  
Jesus Christ the Nazarene:  
Would he pass me by?

## IV.

Nay ! I will not hold my peace  
Till the Master bid me cease :  
    Jesus Christ the Nazarene,  
        Do not pass me by !

## V.

Jesus ! poor and blind am I :  
Son of David, hear my cry !  
    Jesus Christ the Nazarene,  
        Canst thou pass me by ?

## VI.

What would I receive, O Lord ?  
Help, according to thy word :  
    Jesus Christ the Nazarene,  
        Wilt thou pass me by ?

## VII.

Let mine eyes their sight receive :  
Lord ! thy word I do believe :  
    Jesus Christ the Nazarene  
        Will not pass me by !

## VIII.

Praise the Lord ! He gives me sight,  
And my soul is full of light !  
    Jesus Christ the Nazarene  
        Did not pass me by !

## CVIII. . . . . 7, 6.

They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in the day that I do make, even a peculiar treasure.—Mal. iii. 17.

## I.

LORD! thy peculiar treasure  
Thou makest them to be  
Who find their chiefest pleasure  
In glorifying thee.

*Thine own peculiar treasure  
Thou makest them to be.*

## II.

For thou dost hear from heaven  
Thy children while they walk  
Together morn and even,  
And of thy mercies talk.

*Thine own peculiar treasure, etc.*

## III.

God-loving and God-fearing,  
In brotherhood they dwell,

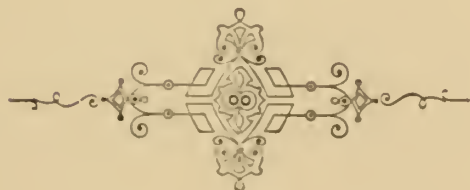


While, one another cheering,  
Thy faithfulness they tell.  
*Thine own peculiar treasure, etc.*

## IV.

For all who bear thy semblance  
And venerate thy name,  
The Book of thy remembrance  
Will crown with holy fame.  
*Thine own peculiar treasure, etc.*

1894



## CIX. . . . . C. M.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and the King of glory shall come in.—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

## I.

AWAKE, O North! arise, O South!  
Together lift the voice:  
Ye East and West! with tuneful mouth  
Before the Lord rejoice!  
*Lift up the golden gates! The King,  
The King of glory comes!*

## II.

His sons and daughters from afar  
Come in a joyful throng,  
Led heavenward by the Eastern star,  
And sing the angels' song.  
*Lift up the golden gates, etc.*

## III.

The holy church of God is clad  
In beautiful array,  
And waiting multitudes are glad  
To hail the glorious day.  
*Lift up the golden gates, etc.*

## IV.

The wrong shall fall before the right,  
Imprison'd minds go free :  
The Sun of truth send forth the light  
That makes the blind to see.

*Lift up the golden gates, etc.*

## V.

For Christ the conqueror comes again,  
And Satan shall be bound  
Forever, and all tribes of men  
Will dwell on holy ground.

*Lift up the golden gates, etc.*

## VI.

The everlasting hills will shout  
To echoing vales below  
That Jesus Christ hath put to rout  
The armies of the foe.

*Lift up the golden gates, etc.*

## VII.

O world redeem'd ! His praises sing,  
The Vanquisher of sin !  
Lift up the golden gates ! The King  
Of glory cometh in !

*Lift up the golden gates, etc.*

## CX. . . . . 7, 6.

In my Father's house are many mansions.—John xiv. 2.

## I.

O WHERE is God my Maker,  
Who giveth songs at night?  
May I become partaker  
Of pardon, peace, and light?  
*Among his many mansions  
Is there a place for me?*

## II.

I seek, but do not find him;  
I cry, he makes no sign:  
O will he cast behind him  
A helpless soul like mine?  
*Among his many mansions  
Is there a place for me?*

## III.

'Twas of his wise decreeing,  
In his own chosen hour,

He gave my soul its being,  
The breathing of his power.  
*Among his many mansions*  
*Is there a place for me?*

## IV.

Is he in far-off regions  
On his majestic seat,  
Amid angelic legions  
Awaiting at his feet?  
*Among his many mansions*  
*Is there a place for me?*

## V.

May I, a trembling mortal  
Repentant of his sin,  
Look upward to its portal  
And wish I were therein?  
*Among his many mansions*  
*Is there a place for me?*

## VI.

O blest transfiguration!  
There is the form of One  
In garments of salvation,  
Jehovah in his Son!  
*Among his many mansions*  
*There is a place for me!*

## VII.

How tender is his pity!  
How wonderful the grace,  
That in his holy city  
For me there is a place !  
*Among his many mansions  
There is a place for me !*

## VIII.

It comes without a warning,  
The joy, the peace, the rest !  
The everlasting morning  
Of heaven is in my breast.  
*Among his many mansions  
There is a place for me !*

1894.



## CXI. . . . C. M.

So he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.  
Ps. cvii. 30.

## I.

MY bark is sailing o'er the sea ;  
    Its Master is the Lord ;  
And though He is not seen by me,  
    I know he is aboard.

## II.

My craft is going to a land  
    That seemeth far away,  
And yet it may be nigh at hand  
    And reach'd within a day.

## III.

I take my bearings by the sun,  
    The Sun of righteousness,  
And as I for the haven run  
    My way to heaven I press.

## IV.

The course is laid out on the chart  
That marks each rock and shoal :  
If I obey it from the start  
I cannot wreck my soul.

## V.

The word of God my compass is,  
And it is always true :  
I need no other guide than this  
To take my vessel through.

## VI.

The gales may blow, the billows rise,  
And deep her bows may dip,  
No storm can make the craft capsize  
With Him aboard the ship.

## VII.

When I shall reach my anchoring-place  
And step upon the shore,  
Then I shall see my Captain's face  
And praise him evermore.



## CXII. . . . . S. M.

There shone round about him a light out of heaven.—Acts ix. 3.

## I.

IS heaven far away?  
Is this a mere perhaps?  
Some enter Paradise to-day;  
Years may for others lapse.

## II.

Is heaven so very far  
We never see the light  
Of our Redeemer's natal star  
That shone by day and night?

## III.

May heaven not shine within  
The heart by gracious deeds?  
By loving word the soul to win,  
By help in human needs?

## IV.

Is not the sweetest bliss  
The presence of our Lord?  
Has heaven a higher joy than this  
Among its pleasures stored?

## V.

Is this unknown by all  
Who still on earth abide?  
May not its overflowings fall  
From heaven's hither side?

## VI.

But have we faith to take  
God's promise in our grip,  
The truth our holy Saviour spake  
Fast holding lest it slip?

## VII.

Have we the hope that sings  
Anticipation's song?  
Have we the love that always brings  
The peace of God along?

## VIII.

No tear has he to shed  
Who near the entrance waits,  
A halo gathering round his head  
From glory's opening gates.

## CXIII. . . . . S. M.

Canst thou by searching find out God?—Job xi. 7.

## I.

CAN mortal man behold  
His Maker face to face?  
Can he the mystery unfold  
Of God's unfathom'd grace?

## II.

Mid starry hosts serene,  
Perchance the earth appears  
A glimmering speck, by angels seen  
From their resplendent spheres:

## III.

And yet for man of earth  
The eternal Lord of all  
Became a man of humble birth  
To save a world so small:

## IV.

Unending, unbegun,  
His day eternity,  
His gracious work of love was done  
In years of man but three!

## V.

The God, for man he wrought:  
The man, he died for man!  
The heavenly angels, wonder-fraught,  
Can ne'er the mystery span:

## VI.

That hidden mystery,  
The marvel of all time,  
Enigma of all history,  
God's secret most sublime!

1895.



## CXIV. . . . . C. M.

He said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.—Mark iv. 39.

## I.

A SABBATH calm is on the sea,  
Almost a sea at rest:  
The bird of peace it brings to me  
To nestle in my breast.

## II.

The din of life is far away,  
And far away its care,  
While silent zephyrs round me play  
As children of the air.

## III.

The crinkled waves like sunlit gems  
Flash out in rainbow dyes,  
As though a shower of diadems  
Had fallen from the skies.

## IV.

A rippling sound, now far, now near,  
Like whispering voices seems,  
A music on the slumbering ear  
In pleasant morning dreams.

## V.

The heavenly rest, the heavenly thought,  
Seem holier by the sea ;  
As 'twere with Jesus we are brought  
To sit by Galilee.

## VI.

'Tis good to pitch a tent of rest  
On mountain-top or shore  
When He vouchsafes to manifest  
Himself within its door.

## VII.

Yet 'tis on holy ground we stand  
Wherever Jesus is :  
O'er every sea and every land  
Imperial right is his.

## CXV. . . . . 7. 6.

Is it well with the child? . . . It is well!—2 Kings iv. 26.

## I.

GOD gave, and he hath taken  
Away a precious gift:  
Yet we are not forsaken,  
Though unto him we lift  
An eye bedimm'd by sorrow,  
A heart in all its pain:  
The light will come to-morrow,  
The rainbow after rain.

## II.

Poor is the life that never  
Hath sorrow in its lot:  
There's something lost forever  
To him who hath it not.  
A gracious interleaving  
Within our book of days  
Of moments sad with grieving  
Gives many years of praise.

## III.

How heavenly the blending  
Of hues that never fade,  
Beyond all comprehending,  
In chasten'd hearts inlaid:  
An eye-entrancing lustre  
That glorifies the tomb:  
A midnight starry cluster  
Transfiguring its gloom.

## IV.

In sorrow's chair reclining,  
Why wrap in robes of woe?  
Why shrink from the refining  
That makes the silver glow?  
"Lo! I am with you alway!"  
The very word of God  
To light the darken'd hallway  
Where silent death hath trod.





## CXVI. . . . . S. M.

The Lord God formed man of the dust.—Gen. ii. 7.

## I.

GOD touch'd the dust of earth,  
And man before him lay,  
All-perfect in his marvellous birth,  
Yet lifeless as the clay.

## II.

God breathed upon the dust,  
And man uplifted stood  
Before the Holy and the Just,  
In His similitude.

## III.

A help-meet for the man  
God form'd, of beauteous mould:  
In sinless Eden home began  
Mid blessings manifold.

## IV.

A bright, unsullied world  
Their peaceful dwelling-place,  
With birds that sang and brooks that purl'd  
And flowers of heavenly grace.

## V.

Fulness of perfect life,  
A home in Paradise,  
No fear nor care, no pain nor strife,—  
Why should not these suffice?

## VI.

Enrobed in innocence,  
The Father-God their friend,  
Their joy, their shield, their providence,—  
Could evil yet impend?

## VII.

They sinn'd! They sought to hide,  
Low crouching in their fear:  
How guiltily they stood aside  
When God, the Lord, drew near!

## VIII.

The voice of mercy spake,  
And craven fear was hush'd:  
The man shall live for Jesus' sake,  
The serpent shall be crush'd!

## IX.

The world was lost in them:  
In Christ the world is found:  
Resplendent is the diadem  
Wherewith our Lord is crown'd!

## CXVII. . . . C. M. P.

Hope in God, for I shall get praise Him.—Ps. xlii. 12.

## I.

O SOUL by fire and tempest tried,  
By shattering of thy tower,  
Amid the ruins sitting down  
As one despoil'd of power,  
Hope thou in God, and help will come  
In faith's submissive hour.

## II.

The Lord Jehovah ever reigns!  
When troubles round thee swarm  
Beneath the canopy of love  
He'll shield thy trembling form.  
Hope thou in God! His whisper'd word  
Can still the wildest storm.

## CXVIII. . . . . 7, 5.

*Fight the good fight of the faith.*—1 Tim. vi. 12.

## I.

SOLDIERS of the cross are we;  
Christ our Captain is:  
With the triple panoply,  
Faith, and hope, and charity,  
We must win the victory;  
Be the glory his!

## II.

Not a time for idle play:  
Lifelong is the war;  
Ever seeking for his prey,  
Satan keeps no holiday:  
Onward, soldiers! to the fray,  
Forward evermore!

## III.

Christ our King! the battle cry  
Ringeth o'er the field;

While our Captain's watchful eye  
Looks upon us from on high,  
Will a comrade basely fly,  
Will a warrior yield?

## IV.

In his holy name we fight  
'Gainst a wily foe:  
Jesus keeps each man in sight;  
To the weak he giveth might:  
Angels from the heavenly height  
With us strike the blow.

## V.

In this war we cannot fail  
While the Lord is King;  
Though satanic foes assail,  
Who against us can prevail  
When the gospel's triple mail  
Round our souls we fling?

1896.

## CXIX. . . . . 8, 7.

Learn what this meaneth, I desire mercy, and not sacrifice.  
Matt. ix. 13.

## I.

NOT the cross, but Christ the bearer  
Of our sin, the Lord supreme:  
Not the vestment, but the wearer  
Of the coat without a seam.

## II.

Not the bread in sorrow broken,  
Not the wine by him outpour'd,  
But the meaning of the token  
In remembrance of our Lord.

## III.

Not the garden, but the crying  
When on him the anguish lay:  
Not the thorns, but him who, dying,  
Took the sting of death away.

## IV.

Not the tomb, but the upcoming  
From the crypt to glory's crown,  
In his resurrection summing  
Promises from Eden down.

## V.

Not to priest to make confession,  
But to God in Christ alone :  
Not through Mary's intercession,  
But through him on mercy's throne.

## VI.

Not the decorated temple  
Where our Lord is not within :  
Not the Christ as mere ensample,  
But atoner for our sin.

## VII.

Not the shell without the kernel ;  
Not the tongue without the heart ;  
Not the fairest garb external  
That conceals a poison'd dart.

## VIII.

Not the cover, but the hidden ;  
Not the semblance, but the fact :  
Truth reveals itself unbidden  
Through unstudied word or act.

## IX.

Not to man for his own merit  
Is thy saving mercy shown :  
Holy Father, Son and Spirit,  
All the glory is thine own !

## CXX. . . . 7's

The Lord shall give thee rest.—Isa. xiv. 3.

## I.

LIE thee down and rest, my soul;  
Be thou comforted and still:  
If around thee troubles roll  
Let them come as God may will.

## II.

Though the world is in unrest,  
Come by fault or come by lot,  
Why should sorrow be thy guest  
If thy sin invite it not?

## III.

Every thing that comes is right  
When by God it hath been sent:  
Lie thee still throughout the night;  
Wake to-morrow in content.



## IV.

If thou be of hope bereft,  
    To thy Saviour lift thy cry;  
Hide thee in the rocky cleft  
    Till the raging storm goes by.

## V.

'Neath the shadow of his hand  
    To the rock of promise cling:  
He who hath supreme command,  
    Is he not thy Lord and King?

## VI.

Will he let thee stand and wait,  
    Soul repentant of thy sin?  
Drop thy burden at the gate;  
    Knock, and thou shalt enter in.

1898.



## CXXI. . . . 8, 7, 4, 7.

The kindness of God our Saviour and his love toward man, according to his mercy he saved us.—Titus iii. 5.

## I.

I PRAISE the Lord that I do stand  
Of all my guilt acquitted;  
That under seal with his own hand  
He hath my sins remitted.  
I am assured  
Of peace secured  
Through him, my Lord and Saviour.

## II.

'Tis not by righteous works I've done,  
Nor aught of my own merit:  
'Tis only through the Father's Son  
That I shall heaven inherit.  
His title-deed  
Is all I need,  
Through him, my Lord and Saviour.

## III.

When I was bankrupt and was lost,  
And gold I had not any,  
He paid my debts and every cost,  
It matter'd not how many.  
From penalty  
Now I am free,  
Through him, my Lord and Saviour.

## IV.

Where'er refreshing waters flow,  
His gracious hand doth lead me,  
And where the verdant pastures grow  
His providence doth feed me,  
Whom he will keep  
With all his sheep,  
My blessed Lord and Saviour.

## V.

O how I love to speak his praise  
Without a stinted measure!  
Yea, I will sing through all my days,  
'Twas all of his good pleasure.  
Below, above,  
I'll praise the love  
Of him, my Lord and Saviour.

## CXXII. . . . . 6, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Every day will I bless thee.—Ps. cxlv. 2.

## I.

ALL days for thee, my God;  
Yea, all my times be thine;  
The feet with holy sandals shod,  
The path of peace on Sabbaths trod,  
On every day be mine.

## II.

The more my toil and care,  
The more I need thy grace;  
The more I need to breathe the air  
Of heavenly love in answer'd prayer  
In every time and place.

## III.

From morn to eventide,  
From eventide to morn,  
May faith and love in me abide,  
Thine arm my strength, thy hand my guide,  
Thy robe of service worn.

## IV.

Upon my forehead set  
The mark thy chosen bear,  
And when the tempter spreads his net,  
Lord Jesus! let me not forget  
The sacred sign I wear.

## V.

Mid sorrow's wintry drifts  
Take me beneath thy wing:  
If summer air from rocky rifts  
The over-weary head uplifts,  
Thine be the praise, my King.

## VI.

On every day do Thou  
Thy willing servant bind  
With cords of love: the way or how  
I may not see, but trustful bow,  
Content in soul and mind.

## VII.

Spring wakens seed and root  
And buds and flowers appear;  
The autumn crowns the ripen'd shoot,  
And yields to man both bread and fruit.  
So make my mission here.

## VIII.

While thine each passing day,  
Not one lone day in seven,  
Lord! teach me so to work and pray  
That all my steps along the way  
May be to thee in heaven.

1898



## CXXIII. . . . . C. M.

A ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven.  
Gen. xxviii. 12.

## I.

A LADDER linking earth and sky,  
And angels hovering round;  
A lonely man asleep nearby  
Upon the stony ground.

## II.

Away from father's sheltering tent,  
From loving mother's care,  
An eye unseen on him is bent,  
His father's God is there.

## III.

The Holy Presence glorifies  
The night with gracious cheer:  
"The house of God!" the wanderer cries:  
"The gate of heaven is here!"

## IV.

Behold! to-day a spacious stair  
    Leads to the heavenly zone,  
Christ's promises the steps that bear  
    Our prayers to Mercy's throne.

## V.

Perchance a longing soul may cry  
    " My Saviour!"—nothing more;  
The prayer of faith ascending high  
    Will find an open door.

## VI.

When e'en a word were overmuch  
    For trembling lips to say,  
On Jesus' garment-hem a touch  
    Took every grief away.

## VII.

On earth there still is many a spot  
    No vulture's eye hath seen,  
Where we may come to him, with not  
    A hindering bar between.

## VIII.

By paths the ancient worthies trod,  
    To us the grace be given  
To enter in the house of God  
    Within the gate of heaven.



## CXXIV. . . . . 8, 7.

Let patience have its perfect work.— James i. 4.

## I.

AFTER the storm bloweth over  
The grass will sparkle anew;  
Though clouds above you may hover  
They only brighten the blue.

## II.

There is no virtue in worry,  
No good in picking up cares:  
Be calm; nor rush in a hurry,  
Your foot may trip unawares.

## III.

Life's duty lieth in labour,  
Such as the Master will crown:  
Go lend a hand to your neighbour,  
Uplift the man that is down.

## IV.

All human praises eschewing,  
Let motive sanctify act:  
The Lord beholdeth the doing,  
And sifteth the fable from fact.

## V.

Her loving heart with her giving  
The widow would not withhold;  
The little all of her living  
Was more than silver or gold.

## VI.

The quiet water in fountains  
Doth breed the poisons that kill:  
Of rushing rills from the mountains  
The thirsty drinks at his will.

## VII.

At work with brain or with finger,  
Thy working hallow'd by prayer,  
No storm will over thee linger,  
The clouds will vanish in air.

## VIII.

Away with sighing and sadness!  
Grieve not the Heavenly Dove;  
But up and labour with gladness  
In faith, in hope, and in love. 1898.

## CXXV. . . . . 7, 7, 7.

Made like unto the Son of God.—Heb. vii. 3.

## I.

MORE like Jesus! Every day  
This the silent prayer to say  
While we pass along our way.

## II.

More like Jesus! As we go  
Something good may we bestow,  
Helpful in another's woe.

## III.

More like Jesus! Meek and mild,  
Holy, harmless, undefiled,  
Gentle as a loving child.

## IV.

More like Jesus! This our quest  
Till in mansions of the blest  
Perfect peace shall fill the breast.

## V.

More like Jesus! O that all  
Ruin'd in the bitter fall  
On the name of Christ may call.

## CXXVI. . . . . 8, 7.

Come ye apart, and rest awhile.—Mark vi. 31.

## I.

IN the covert of his presence,  
'Neath his overshadowing wing,  
We abide in heavenly pleasure  
While apart with Christ our King.

## II.

Far away the cares that madden,  
Far the world's perturbing din,  
God the Comforter doth gladden  
Souls that crave his peace within.

## III.

Musing in serenest quiet,  
Hallow'd by unspoken prayer,  
Undisturb'd by passion's riot,  
Christ our Lord is with us there.

## IV.

Sweet the time of holy resting  
    With the peace of God endued,  
Not a doubt the mind molesting  
    In its gracious quietude.

## V.

Can the soul be sad or lonely  
    In the company of Christ,  
Looking to him, and him only,  
    Keeping with him faithful tryst?

## VI.

Blest his servants when partaking  
    Rest with him at his behest,  
Banquet of their Master's making,  
    He himself both Lord and guest!

## VII.

After rest in cool oases,  
    After sitting at his board,  
On we travel in the traces  
    Of the footprints of our Lord.

## CXXVII. . . . . C. M.

Not having mine own righteousness, but that which is through the  
faith of Christ.—Phil. iii. 9.

## I.

'TIS not by righteousness mine own  
The crown of life is won :  
My hope is fix'd on him alone,  
God's well-beloved Son.  
*'Tis only by the grace of Christ  
That I am holding on.*

## II.

I dare not take a staff that fails  
Just when my need is great,  
Nor trust a leaky boat when gales  
Rush through the tempest gate.

## III.

Without an anchor that can reach  
The ocean's hidden floor,  
My bark will strike the rocky beach  
Or founder far from shore.

## IV.

I cannot spread a wing so swift  
That I from earth can fly,  
Nor raise a ladder that will lift  
My soul to yonder sky.

## V.

No need to drink from turbid streams  
When mountain springs are near,  
Nor seek for visions or for dreams  
When Christ himself is here.

## VI.

No wily enemy can snatch  
A soul that Christ doth hold:  
No beast of prey can ever catch  
The sheep within the fold.

## VII.

'Tis faith that climbs the mountain crest,  
That treads the lowly vale:  
Who walk with Christ have perfect rest.  
And peace that cannot fail.

*'Tis only by the grace of Christ  
That I keep holding on.*

## CXXVIII. . . . . C. M.

Behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart.—Isaiah lxxv. 19.

## I.

GOD'S house hath many mansions set  
In glorious array;  
Arise, my soul! and thither speed  
While singing on the way.

## II.

Its glory none on earth can tell,  
Nor art of man portray;  
The blissful vision cheers mine eyes  
While singing on the way.

## III.

When Christ doth on my willing neck  
The yoke of service lay,  
To me it seemeth light as down  
While singing on the way.



## IV.

If thunder rolls amid the clouds  
And lightning-flashes play,  
I see the glory of the Lord  
While singing on the way.

## V.

When passing through the vale of pain  
Till the delivering day,  
The Morning Star will light my path  
While singing on the way.

## VI.

My heart's beloved who sing in heaven  
Mayhap will hither stray  
And blend their joyful notes with mine  
While singing on the way.

## VII.

Mine eye may dim, mine ear be dull,  
My tent be in decay,  
Yet God hears music in the voice  
That sings along the way.

## VIII.

In his good time my soul will drop  
Its mantling-robe of clay,  
Still I would sing the psalms and hymns  
I sang along the way.

## CXXIX. . . . . 7's.

The first day of the week, when we were gathered together to break bread.—Acts xx. 7.

## I.

DAY of sweetness! day of rest!  
By our Lord and Saviour blest!  
Let our lips be tuned to sing  
Glory unto thee, O King!

## II.

In thy sacred courts we stand  
Bordering on the promised land:  
May this be thy time of power,  
Even this thy gracious hour!

## III.

Thou didst take away the gloom  
From the weepers at thy tomb;  
So do thou our eyes unseal  
And thy living self reveal.

## IV.

Joyfully may we go on  
Toward the land where thou hast gone  
To prepare for us a place  
In the mansions of thy grace.

## V.

Let this Sabbath be a link  
In thy love's eternal chain  
That will bear us o'er the brink  
Of the world to glory's plain.

## VI.

Day of sweetness! day of rest!  
Of the peace of God possess'd,  
May we feel that we have been  
Near to heaven, and looking in.

1898.



## CXXX. . . . . P. M.

God said, Let there be light, and there was light.—Gen. i. 3.

## I.

GOD said, Let there be light!  
Light was; and darkness fled  
Adown the nether caves of night  
And hid its murky head:  
The heavenly harps with gladness rang,  
The sons of God rejoicing sang.

## II.

God spake the word of power,  
The earth in order stood,  
And man came in the destined hour,  
With gentle womanhood:  
When sin brought all the world to woe,  
The angels' anthems ceased to flow—

## III.

Till shepherds heard their song,  
At night it came to them;  
They sped with hasty feet along  
The way to Bethlehem:

A manger held creation's Lord,  
A babe by heavenly hosts adored.

## IV.

The child grew up to man :  
The man was very God !  
How strangely wonderful the plan,  
That, God in man, he trod  
A path of pain and loving grace  
To new-create a ruin'd race !

## V.

By wicked hands he died  
Beyond the city wall ;  
Yet he who was the Crucified  
Arose the Lord of all,  
Ascending to his glorious throne  
Mid splendors earth had never known.

## VI.

The righteous God is he,  
Yet Lord of love and grace :  
He solveth every mystery  
In fitting time and place.  
Yea, all the universe shall cry,  
All glory be to God on high !

## CXXXI. . . . C. M.

Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.—Ps. xc. 2.

## I.

ANOTHER year begins to tread  
The beaten track of time;  
The year ago is with the dead  
In silences sublime.

## II.

Man boasts of years of proud descent;  
A breath blows him away;  
None careth how he came or went  
Who idly spent his day.

## III.

God spake the word, and fill'd the waste  
Of void with brilliant spheres;  
These, in their orbits fitly placed,  
Revolve in measured years.

## IV.

God was, and is, and e'er shall be ;  
His year is only one :  
He compasseth eternity ;  
His equal there is none.

## V.

His throne is universal space,  
And he the Lord supreme,  
Who stoop'd to earth to save a race  
None other could redeem.

## VI.

The Christ, foreshown from the fall,  
Atoner for our sin,  
Hath made a refuge-place for all  
Who haste to go therein.

## VII.

His goodness is a sum too great  
For man to reckon up ;  
And day by day on him we wait  
To fill our blessing-cup.

## CXXXII. . . . . 9, 8.

*Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa.—Matt. ii. 1.*

## I.

THE way to the kingdom of glory  
Beginneth at Bethlehem-town,  
Where Jesus—the marvel of story—  
Came, God in humanity, down.

## II.

The angels from heaven, beholding  
The sin and the sorrow of man,  
Sang glory to God for unfolding  
Redemption's most merciful plan.

## III.

The soul by the serpent sore-bitten  
May look unto Jesus and live!  
For thus in his word it is written,  
This grace 'tis his pleasure to give.



## IV.

O come to the Lord with your sorrows,  
Ye wanderers whom sin has undone:  
Come ye to the land without morrows,  
For Jesus is ever its sun.

## V.

The way to the land of immortals,  
The path to the heavenly rest,  
Runs straight to the beautiful portals  
Adorning the home of the blest.

## VI.

How gracious and sweet is the story  
That liveth in holy renown,  
The gate to the kingdom of glory  
A manger in Bethlehem-town!

## CXXXIII. . . . S. M.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.  
Ps. ciii. 2.

## I.

BLESS thou the Lord, my soul!  
Praise thou his holy name;  
His righteousness and love extol,  
His graciousness proclaim.  
*Bless thou the Lord, my soul!*

## II.

How vast his dwelling-place,  
A realm without a bound!  
More wonderful the truth and grace  
That compass thee around.  
*Bless thou the Lord, my soul!*

## III.

His daily gifts to thee  
Are past all finding out,  
For like a heavenly galaxy  
They girdle thee about.  
*Bless thou the Lord, my soul!*

## IV.

A providential thread  
Of guidance day by day  
Invisibly thy feet hath led  
Along the upward way.  
*Bless thou the Lord, my soul!*

## V.

A bitter cup to take  
Hath been thy richest good;  
The husk that seem'd too hard to break  
Did yield delicious food.  
*Bless thou the Lord, my soul!*

## VI.

The Lord of glory reigns  
Alike in storm or calm;  
Whatever lot his love ordains,  
Sing thou a thankful psalm.  
*Bless thou the Lord, my soul!*

## VII.

All praises be to God!  
The Christ who came to die  
And open by the path he trod  
Our gateway to the sky.  
*Bless thou the Lord, my soul!* 1896.

## CXXXIV. . . . . 9, 8.

Better is the ending of a thing than the beginning.—Eccl. vii. 8.

## I.

SHE came on the wings of the morning,  
The beautiful angel of light:  
At even she dropt her adorning  
And slept in the bosom of night.

## II.

So some little children that nested,  
As 'twere, in my bosom to stay,  
Soar'd heavenward off, till they rested  
In Paradise-land far away.

## III.

Beginnings there are and conclusions,  
A rising and setting of stars,  
The visions that end in illusions,  
The woundings remaining as scars.

## IV.

Yet sorrow may be benediction,  
And tears may congeal into gems;  
Our selfishness purged by affliction,  
Our crosses become diadems.

## V.

A house on the rock of salvation—  
Christ Jesus—forever shall stand:  
Who buildeth on other foundation  
He buildeth on treacherous sand.

1898.



## CXXXV. . . . . P. M.

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.—  
Heb. xiii. 8.

## I.

IN the fulness of the ages,  
Presaged in prophetic pages,  
Christ the babe lay in a manger,  
In his world an infant stranger.

## II.

Born in Bethlehem, the angels  
Sang o'er him their sweet evangels,  
Town the least in all Judæa  
From the sea to Idumæa.

## III.

In his boyhood's morn conversing  
With the learned Jews, rehearsing  
Promises by prophets spoken,  
Of Jehovah's love the token.

## IV.

Thirty years among the lowly,  
Few beheld in him the Holy;  
Yet his mother had in keeping  
Many a sacred mystery sleeping.

## V.

Years of honest, patient labour,  
Faithful as a son and neighbour,  
While a-nearing the fruition  
Of his gracious work and mission.

## VI.

As the spring precedes the summer,  
John was Christ's ordain'd fore-comer,  
"Lamb of God!" to all proclaiming,  
Sweetest words of human framing.

## VII.

Perfect man in form and feature,  
Passing every human creature,  
Perfect in his life and bearing,  
None with him in aught comparing.

## VIII.

Voice of human voices sweetest,  
Tenderest, grandest and completest,  
Yet on hypocrites 'twas thunder  
Striking them with speechless wonder.

## IX.

Where he walk'd and when he rested  
Miracles the Christ attested,  
    Not the trickery of magicians,  
    But his own divine volitions.

## X.

Reprimanding mean ambition,  
Fearless he in admonition,  
    Scorn for ostentatious giving,  
    Lauding her who gave her living.

## XI.

Infinite in comprehension,  
Naught too small for his attention,  
    Mary from the Master learning,  
    Martha for his comfort yearning.

## XII.

Even little children blessing,  
His own hand their heads caressing:  
    Woman's tears his feet bedewing,  
    He her contrite heart renewing.

## XIII.

Him whose life was benefaction,  
Grace and love in every action—  
    They who came in faith appealing  
    Found in Jesus balm and healing.



## XIV.

Words of matchless wisdom talking  
While with his disciples walking,  
    Making pastures richly vernal  
    With the seeds of truth eternal.

## XV.

What the grace he manifested  
When at Jacob's well he rested,  
    Leading frail Samaria's daughter  
    To the well of living water!

## XVI.

Precious truths did he deliver  
On the mount, the lake, the river;  
    From the field of nature gleaning  
    Parables of weighty meaning.

## XVII.

Men of craft could not entrap him,  
Nor in sophist-robcs enwrap him;  
    Curses on his head they mutter'd  
    When the truth by him was utter'd.

## XVIII.

His the master-key unlocking  
Secrets deep that had been mocking  
    Man from time of the creation  
    Till he brought the revelation.

## XIX.

Sparrows had a place of nesting,  
Foxes had their holes for resting,  
Oft had he no couch when weary,  
Nor a home while faint and dreary.

## XX.

Mount of the Transfiguration!  
Angels giving ministration,  
To foreshow his heavenly glory  
E'en in visions transitory.

## XXI.

O how tender every saying!  
O how comforting his praying!  
O the touching words he speaketh  
While his Father's aid he seeketh!

## XXII.

After glory comes the sorrow!  
Ah the terrible to-morrow!  
With the twelve to-night he meeteth,  
At the paschal feast he eateth.

## XXIII.

Giving thanks, the bread is broken  
And the wine outpour'd, in token  
That he gave his life for many,  
Of them all not losing any.

## XXIV.

In Gethsemane he kneeleth,  
And as man to God appealeth:  
Angels hasten while he pleadeth,  
Bringing strength his manhood needeth.

## XXV.

Ah, the Christ when God forsaken!  
Him who on himself had taken  
Every sinner's ill-deserving  
Whom he loved with love unswerving.

## XXVI.

Son of God, by man rejected,  
As an outlaw unprotected:  
Son of man, with grief acquainted,  
Treated as a wretch attainted.

## XXVII.

Stung by treachery and denial,  
In his hour of sorest trial  
Not a friend is there beside him  
While the rabid crowds deride him.

## XXVIII.

Mockery's purple robe around him,  
Blood-encrimson'd thorns encrown'd him:  
Spat on, scourged, and evil treated,  
All his words by jeerings greeted.

## XXIX.

Doom'd by cruel foes to anguish,  
Jew and Roman made him languish  
On a hill beyond the city,  
Torture winning not their pity.

## XXX.

Rude the cross whereon they nail him ;  
By the hands and feet impale him :  
Through his flesh the spikes are driven,  
By the spear his heart is riven.

## XXXI.

Two there are beside him dying,  
One believing, one decrying ;  
One to Paradise uprising ;  
One the Lord of life despising.

## XXXII.

In slow agony he dieth :  
Hark ! the man in Jesus crieth,  
While the earth and skies are shaken,  
“ Father ! why am I forsaken ? ”

## XXXIII.

Lo ! the sun forbears its shining,  
To the darkest night declining,  
Mighty rocks in fragments rending  
As if earth itself were ending.

## XXXIV.

Now in consternation flying  
See the crowds, who mock'd him dying,  
In their ears a judgment ringing,  
Curses on their nation bringing.

## XXXV.

In the crypt of Joseph slumbering,  
Not a care his bosom cumbering,  
Christ hath fully wrought redemption,  
All is done without exemption.

## XXXVI.

Stifling grief by love's devices,  
Holy women came with spices  
In the dusk of first-day morning  
When the early light was dawning.

## XXXVII.

Open was the rock-hewn prison,  
Christ the Conqueror had arisen:  
Who could forge a chain to hold him  
When Almighty Arms enfold him?

## XXXVIII.

When its grasp had fail'd forever  
Death had tried its last endeavour;  
Powers of earth nor powers infernal  
Could eclipse the Sun eternal.

## XXXIX.

Strange for human comprehension,  
From the Mount of the Ascension  
His beloved with wondering vision  
Saw him rise to realms elysian.

## XL.

Not to mortal heart 'twas given  
To conceive the joy in heaven  
When the Christ in God ascended  
By angelic crowds attended.

## XLI.

Earth heard not the jubilant voicings,  
The seraphic host's rejoicings,  
When in worlds of space unbounded  
Praises to the Lord resounded.

## XLII.

Yet in records everlasting,  
Of our holy Lord's forecasting,  
All may read the marvellous story  
Of his wondrous love and glory.

## XLIII.

This the man, perfection's highest!  
This the God whom thou deniest,  
Soul the lost, if thou remainest  
In thy sin, and him disdainest.

## XLIV.

Lean not thou on thy behaviour  
In the stead of Christ thy Saviour,  
On him be thy sole reliance,  
With him be thy heart's affiance.

## XLV.

Glory be to God eternal!  
Over all the King supernal!  
Holy Father, Son and Spirit,  
By thy grace we heaven inherit.



## CXXXVI. . . . . 7's.

I am the good Shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own  
know me.—John x. 14.

## I.

GENTLE Shepherd! in thy grace  
Lead us daily to the place  
Where thy pastures rich and green  
Are refresh'd by brooks between.

## II.

Loving Shepherd! in the night  
Fold us 'neath thine arm of might  
Till the silent hours of gloom  
Morning's glorious robes assume.

## III.

Tender Shepherd! at thy feet,  
Shelter'd from the cold and heat,  
E'en the youngest lamb doth share  
Day by day thy watchful care.



## IV.

Faithful Shepherd! keep thy flock  
Safe behind the buttress'd rock,  
That no prowling wolf can scale  
Nor satanic foe assail.

## V.

Watchful Shepherd! thou dost know  
All thine own, and with them go;  
They from every stranger flee,  
Know thy voice, and follow thee.

## VI.

Patient Shepherd! far away,  
Thou dost rescue thine estray,  
O'er the mountain, through the glen,  
Burning sand, and treacherous fen.

## VII.

Mighty Shepherd! they so bold  
Who would dare invade thy fold  
Shall be smitten with thy rod,  
For thou art the Sovereign God.

## CXXXVII. . . . . C. M.

It is God, that said, Light shall shine out of darkness, who shined  
in our hearts.—2 Cor. iv. 6.

## I.

THERE'S sunshine on the other side,  
Though dark the clouds to-day,  
And fogs the flowery landscape hide,  
And birds have flown away.

## II.

Betimes the chilling storm will pass,  
The howling tempest cease,  
And o'er the fields of glistening grass  
Will shine the bow of peace.

## III.

As flowers give out their sweetness through  
The sunshine after rain,  
The word of God gives comfort to  
A bosom in its pain.

## IV.

The joy of joys beneath the sky  
His sunshine in the soul,  
A boon that rubies ne'er can buy,  
No language can extol.

## V.

It gives a beauty to the face  
Beyond the reach of art,  
The smile of heavenly love, a grace  
Without a counterpart.

## VI.

It wears the signet after death,  
A grace forever given ;  
It fails not with the parting breath,  
For 'tis the badge of heaven.

1899.



## CXXXVIII. . . . . 10's.

Death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more.—Rev. xxi. 4.

## I.

THE night is past, the morn of joy hath  
come;

The desert cross'd, the weary is at home:  
His armour taken off, the battle o'er,  
The victor's crown is his forevermore.

## II.

No more a chair unfill'd beside his own,  
No more the absence of a gentle tone,  
No missing of a footfall sweet to hear  
Nor smile of love that tinted life with cheer.

## III.

The ticking of the clock of time foretold  
That earth was slipping from his passive hold:  
Above her changing sunniness and gloom  
A light was coming from beyond the tomb.

## IV.

Were not his own beloved ones at the gate  
That giveth entrance to the blessed state?  
And but a step between him and the place  
Where he shall see his Saviour face to face!

## V.

His heaven began ere he had enter'd there;  
He often found his Lord in musing prayer;  
But now a glory on his pathway lay,  
The glory sent to light the pilgrim's way.

## VI.

No darkness where the Lord of glory is,  
The Christ who gave His mortal life for his!  
O earth, how short thy day of toil and pain!  
O heaven, how vast the soul's eternal gain!

1899.



## CXXXIX. . . . 7's.

Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall  
reap, if we faint not.—Gal. vi. 9.

## I.

MASTER! bid me rest awhile;  
I have journey'd many a mile  
O'er a dark and toilsome way;  
May I rest awhile to-day?

## II.

Long I've known 'tis good for me  
Patiently to follow thee:  
Pardon me when I forget  
That my way by thee is set.

## III.

Thornier paths by thee were trod,  
Thou the sinless Son of God;  
Should I then cast down my load  
While I tread an easier road?

## IV.

Lord! thy gracious voice I hear:  
"Weary child! be this thy cheer,  
Thou art ever in my sight,  
Even in the darkest night.

## V.

Mine thy burden! bear it on  
Till thy time of rest shall dawn:  
Light as morning's lightest beam  
Shall my yoke of service seem."

## VI.

Rise, my soul! whate'er thy lot,  
Stand therein, and fear it not:  
Ever go where Jesus leads:  
He provides for all thy needs.

1899.



## CXL. . . . . 7, 7, 7.

He shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth.—John xiv. 16.

## I.

HOLY Spirit! But for Thee  
What were man? A barren tree  
On the brink of Sodom's sea.

## II.

Holy Spirit! Thou the root  
Whence the trees of healing shoot,  
Yielding an immortal fruit.

## III.

Holy Spirit! Comforter!  
Thou dost on the soul confer  
Richer gifts than gold or myrrh.

## IV.

Holy Spirit! By thee taught,  
Sinful man to Christ is brought:  
None can turn thy work to naught.



## V.

Holy Spirit! God of power!  
On the church thy blessings shower,  
So that every plant shall flower.

## VI.

Holy Spirit! God of grace!  
Lighten every darken'd place  
Where abides the fallen race.

## VII.

Holy Spirit! Glory be  
To the Father, Son, and Thee,  
God in wondrous trinity.

1899.



## CXLI. . . . . L. M.

As the light of the morning when the sun riseth, a morning without clouds.—2 Sam. xxiii. 4.

## I.

A RAY of sunshine on the way,  
A face of sunshine every day  
Will scatter all the clouds that loom,  
And bring a paradise of bloom.

## II.

Beside the hearth and in the street,  
Let whomsoever we may meet,  
Of all degrees, in freeness share  
The fragrance floating in the air.

## III.

Some patient woman, sighing sore  
For early days that come no more,  
Some weary man, may catch the grace  
That glorifies the smiling face.

## IV.

If there be darkness in the lane,  
A turn may show a sunny plain;  
The quicken'd eye in glancing o'er  
Will beauty see unseen before.

## V.

A gracious act may be the key  
That fits the lock of mystery,  
Wherein are treasures stored away  
For all who sow and toil and pray.

## VI.

The seeds of loving-kindness sown,  
Alike in home or highway strown,  
Will grow e'en while the sowers sleep;  
The harvest many a heart will reap.

## VII.

True, storms may break in every life,  
When good and evil meet in strife;  
Yet in love's potency he stands  
Whose hand is in the Saviour's hands.

## CXLII. . . . . C. M.

He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also to walk even  
as He walked.—1 John ii. 6.

## I.

SHALL we not walk as Jesus walk'd  
Mid wanderers in their woe?  
Shall we not talk as Jesus talk'd  
While in his paths we go?

## II.

It needeth but the glowing coal  
To warm a cheerless room:  
One seed of truth dropt in a soul  
May bring immortal bloom.

## III.

The friendly word ingrain'd with love  
Hope's kindling spark may be;  
Go, speak the word, and it may prove  
A boon likewise to thee.

## IV.

A bitter word may sting a heart  
As long as it shall live:  
And he who spake may feel the smart  
Too late to cry "Forgive!"

## V.

A kindly greeting to the poor  
Ennobles him who bends;  
Who lays a gift at sorrow's door  
To Christ his Master lends.

## VI.

'Tis Christ, whose love is over all,  
Who came the lost to find:  
Not one so humble nor so small  
He beareth not in mind.

## VII.

Perchance no other world afar  
Has dropt from heavenly bliss,  
Nor Christ hath done for any star  
What Jesus did for this.

## CXLIII. . . . . C. M.

He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also  
out of a horrible pit.—Psalm xl. 1, 2.

## I.

A WANDERER drowning in a pit,  
The water near the brim:  
Shall we not help him out of it,  
And save a man in him?

## II.

A hapless one hath fallen low:  
Whose hand will lift her up,  
And save her from the utter woe  
That's hidden in her cup?

## III.

Is there a child that may not see  
The right way from the wrong:  
May not that child be train'd to be  
One of the angel-throng?

## IV.

Is there a man whose locks are gray,  
Whose soul is black with sin:  
Is there no hope for him to-day?  
Why not invite him in?

## V.

There is a gracious, pitying One  
Who came to seek the lost;  
'Twas even God's beloved Son  
Whose life their ransom cost!

## VI.

Shall it not be our daily care  
To follow where he leads,  
And with our blessed Master bear  
A cup for sorrow's needs?

1899.



## CXLIV. . . . . C. M.

Whether thou refuse, or whether thou choose.—Job xxxiv. 33.

## I.

ON threads of gold our passing years  
    May be with jewels strung,  
A galaxy of brilliant spheres  
    By hands angelic swung.

## II.

Our days may be as thorns that grow  
    Along a stony lane,  
And sting the feet that to and fro  
    Must walk the path of pain.

## III.

Man makes his portion what he will,  
    For better or for worse:  
He chooses happiness or ill,  
    The blessing or the curse.



## IV.

For thirty pieces in his hand  
The traitor sold his Lord:  
He scorch'd his heart as with a brand,  
He died the death abhorr'd.

## V.

Her little all the widow cast  
Within the treasury-chest;  
Her name, unknown, to heaven was pass'd  
As one by Jesus blest.

## VI.

All they who sit at Jesus' feet  
And strive to serve him well,  
Will surely more acceptance meet  
Than man in cloister'd cell.

1899.



## CXLV. . . . . C. M.

From Psalm xviii.

## I.

I LOVE the Lord: he is my shield,  
My God in whom I trust,  
A buckler and a refuge tower  
For man, the child of dust.

## II.

Yea, in the dark and dreadful hour  
Jehovah was my stay:  
Delivering me from cruel men,  
He open'd up my way.

## III.

Around me were the snares of death,  
Destruction's flood was near;  
The underworld encompass'd me  
And struck my soul with fear.

## IV.

I call'd on God in my distress,  
My voice arose on high;  
He heard me from his royal seat,  
And listen'd to my cry.

## V.

The heavens he bow'd, and he came down,  
Thick darkness 'neath his feet;  
As on a cherub he did fly,  
No wings of wind so fleet.

## VI.

Jehovah thunder'd in the heavens,  
The Highest spake aloud:  
The hailstones o'er the earth were driven,  
His lightnings rent the cloud.

## VII.

He shot his fiery arrows forth,  
And routed every foe:  
The deep foundations of the earth  
Were bared to depths below.

## VIII.

He grasp'd me from the watery deep,  
From enemies nearby  
Who hated me, and in their power  
Were mightier than I.

## IX.

Except Jehovah, who is God?  
Or who but God my rock?  
He girdeth me with strength to bear  
The mightiest foeman's shock.

## CXLVI. . . . . C. M.

From Psalm xc.

## I.

OUR refuge in all ages Thou!  
Before the earth was born,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
Ere time's remotest morn.

## II.

A thousand years are in thy sight  
But as a yesterday  
When it is gone, or as a watch  
Departs with night away.

## III.

Thou sweepst man as with a flood;  
They fall asleep, and pass;  
At morn they grow, at eventide  
They wither as the grass.

## IV.

But threescore years and ten our life;  
Or if fourscore they be,  
Yet at their best they're empty toil,  
And swift away we flee.

## V.

Teach us to measure all our days:  
So we in wisdom's path  
May sing for joy, O Lord! for thou  
Hast turn'd away thy wrath.



## CXLVII. . . . . L. M.

From Psalm xci.

## I.

WHO dwelleth in the secret place  
Of Him most high, the Lord of grace,  
Shall bide beneath his shadowing arm,  
A shelter-place from every harm.

## II.

My refuge and my fortress thou,  
My God, to whom I trustful bow,  
From pestilence and fowler's snare  
Wilt keep me with a father's care.

## III.

Beneath the pinions of his wings,  
My refuge he from evil things;  
His truth my shield and buckler too,  
I will not fear what foes can do.

## IV.

Nor fear the terrors of the dark,  
Nor arrow flying to its mark,  
Nor plague that prowleth in the night,  
Nor sickness in the noonday light.

## V.

The Lord will give his angels charge  
To keep thee in thy walks at large;  
And safely bear thee as his own,  
Nor let thy foot dash on a stone.

## VI.

Because his love is set on Me,  
Saith God, I'll lift him high, for he  
Doth know my name, and he shall cry,  
And I will not his prayers deny.

## VII.

I will deliver him, and give  
Not only length of days to live,  
But he in holy paths shall go,  
And I will my salvation show.

## CXLVIII. . . . . C. M.

From Psalm xcvi.

## I.

O SING a new song to the Lord!  
Who marvellous things hath done:  
His own right hand and holy arm  
The victory hath won.

## II.

For his salvation he hath shown  
In every nation's sight:  
He hath reveal'd his righteousness  
In characters of light.

## III.

To Israel his grace and truth  
Borne in his mind have been:  
The utmost ends of all the earth  
Have his salvation seen.



## IV.

Shout to Jehovah, all the earth !  
Break forth with joy and sing !  
Sing praises with the voice and harp  
Before our Lord and King.

## V.

Let oceans roar, and let the world  
And all its living throng,  
With all the rivers, clap their hands,  
While mountains join the song.

## VI.

Let all rejoice before the Lord,  
Who comes with righteousness  
To judge the world: his equity  
All peoples shall confess.

1899.



## ONE LORD, ONE FAITH.

## CXLIX.

BUT one in faith, if not in form,  
The church of God must be ;  
Like Jesus' bosom, ever warm  
With truth and charity.

We have not yet anointed eyes,  
Our sight is dim and short ;  
We cannot pierce the upper skies  
Beyond the outer court.

A glance may show the form of man,  
The shading of his face ;  
But in his soul what eye can scan  
The work of saving grace ?

We know not how the Spirit's breath  
Hath moved on him within,  
And brought to life a soul from death  
And cleansed away its sin.

As it may list the wind doth blow ;  
Then need we question why  
Or when the soul begins to go  
Its journey to the sky.

Who loves the Lord whom we adore,  
He hath a brother's claim  
To stand with us on mercy's floor  
And praise His blessed name.

All marching to the home above,  
Our Leader full in view,  
The church together bound in love,  
Will all her foes subdue.

## TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE Lord is my shepherd:  
No want shall I know:  
He makes me lie down  
Where the green pastures grow.  
By rest-giving waters  
He leadeth my feet,  
Refreshing my soul  
With promises sweet.

In paths of the righteous  
He guideth my way  
For the sake of His Name,  
And I shall not stray.  
E'en though in death's valley  
I walk through the shade,  
Yet while Thou art with me  
I am not afraid.

---

Thy rod and Thy staff,  
They comfort me still,  
Defending my soul  
From all that is ill.  
A bountiful table  
Before me is spread,  
Despite of my foes  
By enmity led.

My head is anointed  
With unction of grace:  
My cup runneth over  
With blessings apace.  
Both goodness and mercy  
Shall follow my days,  
And ever I'll dwell  
In the house of Thy praise.

1899.

## FIFTY-FIRST PSALM.

12, 11, 10.

FROM the end of the earth  
Unto Thee will I call;  
Attend to my prayer;  
O Lord! hear my cry.  
When my heart is o'erwhelmed,  
And afflictions befall,  
Lead me to the Rock  
That is higher than I.

As a refuge of strength  
Unto me Thou hast been,  
A tower unshaken,  
Protecting from foes.  
In Thy tent is my dwelling;  
Safe sheltered therein,  
My covert Thy wings,  
How sweet my repose!

## FROM ISAIAH XXVI. . . . C. M.

THOU keepest him in perfect peace  
Whose mind on Thee is stay'd :  
Because he trusteth in the Lord  
He shall not be afraid.

Trust ye forever in the Lord !  
The Rock of Ages ! all  
Who trust in Him a refuge find  
When raging storms appall.

The lofty ones He bringeth down :  
The city of their trust  
He layeth low, e'en to the ground,  
And makes it as the dust.

Lord! when Thy hand is lifted up  
The wicked will not see:  
They shall behold, and be ashamed  
Before Thy majesty.

The just will walk in righteous ways,  
For Thou that upright art  
Directest all the steps of him  
Who trusts Thee in his heart.

Enter thy chambers, saith the Lord,  
And make the shutters fast,  
And hide thee for a little time  
Till wrath be overpast.



## CXLIX. . . . 8, 7.

*Confessional Doxology.*

I BELIEVE in God the Father, .  
I believe in God the Son,  
I believe in God the Spirit: .  
Lord Jehovah! Three in one.  
Him, whose word begat creation:  
Him, who for the fallen died;  
Him, the sealer of salvation,  
By whom man is sanctified.  
All the universe his dwelling,  
From the depths to heights above;  
Every world his glory telling,  
God of Right and Truth and Love!

1899.





## Later Poems.

### EVENED BY CHRIST.

SOME things in this world  
Seem tangled and 'mix'd,  
The threads of a skein  
All knotted betwixt:  
And how to unravel them  
Who can portend?  
Yet all will be even'd  
By Christ in the end.

There are wiser than kings,  
Though not on a throne:  
There are greater than queens,  
Uncrown'd and unknown:  
The high may be honour'd,  
The low be contemn'd,  
Still all will be even'd  
By Christ in the end.

With luxury's trappings  
The proud are begirt;  
While others are spatter'd  
With squalor and dirt,  
The spiritless creatures  
That have not a friend:  
Yet all will be even'd  
By Christ in the end.

A glorified angel  
May sleep in that child,  
The girl that is barefoot,  
Dishevell'd, and wild:  
O for a mother  
This lambkin to tend!  
But all will be even'd  
By Christ in the end.

A hero immortal,  
To rank with the great,  
May hide in that Arab  
Who plays at your gate:  
O men! to the rescue!  
Like Christ condescend:  
Know all will be even'd  
By Him in the end.

Ye servants of Jesus,  
    The Crucified One!  
With smoke on the glass  
    Eclipse not the Sun,  
Nor seek to interpret  
    What none comprehend,  
For all will be even'd  
    By Him in the end.

High critics! who cut  
    With a double-edge knife,  
In trimming the Bible  
    Ye peril its life.  
God's message to man  
    Has He call'd you to mend?  
Know all will be even'd  
    By Him in the end.

Ye hoarders of millions!  
    How much have ye given  
As tokens of gladness  
    For treasure in heaven?  
Forget not the widow,  
    That Christ did commend,  
For all will be even'd  
    By Him in the end.

Ye children of Anak,  
    Who trample on all,  
And crush out the weaker  
    To gain by their fall,  
A time of accounting  
    Doth surely impend,  
When all will be even'd  
    By Christ in the end.

Profaners of Sabbaths,  
    Misleaders of youth,  
Who polish a lie  
    Till it shines like a truth,  
Why deaden the conscience  
    By poisons ye vend?  
Know all will be even'd  
    By Christ in the end.

Ye rulers who sit  
    In the lawgiver's chair,  
And wink at a bribe  
    With a sinister air,  
The ermine of justice  
    In vain do ye rend,  
For all will be even'd  
    By Christ in the end.

Remember the Christ  
That hallow'd the earth,  
The One that was scorn'd  
As of Nazarene birth;  
Betimes to His teachings  
And warnings attend,  
For all will be even'd  
By Him in the end.

In the moment uncertain  
Fast coming to all,  
When the trump of the angel  
Shall ring out its call,  
Who then with Jehovah  
Will dare to contend?  
For all will be even'd  
By Him in the end.



## THE PASTOR'S CALL.

“GOD bless you, my brother!”  
The words that he said:  
A kiss on my forehead  
Was all that he gave;  
And, kneeling, to Jesus  
He tenderly pray’d.  
The tempest of sorrow  
Was suddenly stay’d:  
’Twas calm on the ocean,  
’Twas light in the shade.  
With peace in my bosom  
I look’d on my dead,  
And hope as an angel  
Enhalo’d her grave.



## VICTORIA THE QUEEN !

THE queenliest of queens,—the womanly  
Of womanhood, — the excellent of  
wives,—

No scroll historic of immortal lives  
Enshrines, O queen ! a counterpart of thee.  
Thy brow with truth's bright diadem is  
crown'd ;

Thy wand of power is conscience tutor'd by  
The Law Divine ; thy purpose pure and high,  
For justice, faith and honour, world re-  
nown'd.

The queen of gentle hearts through three-  
score years

Of loving rule, thy influence benign  
Hath held a sway of potency sublime,  
Like Sirius mid the multitudes of spheres.  
This crowning glory, Empress-Queen ! is  
thine,

Transcending Sheba's in her palmy prime.

## PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THUS, childlike, "I am going home!"  
    he said,  
And spake no more. The great, good heart  
    lay still,  
The majesty of death encrown'd his head,  
And holy silence all the room did fill.  
The nation's pulse, smit with a sudden chill,  
Beat feverish strokes that, like a midnight  
    knell  
Wild pealing from the lofty-tower'd bell,  
Sent through the homes of men a startling  
    thrill.  
Well fill'd his part, the man of spotless fame  
The missioner from Jesus Christ to all,  
So earnest, tender, yet so nobly grand,  
With human heart set in a heavenly frame,  
At morning-dawn he heard his Father's call  
And homeward pass'd into his Father's land.

## PHILIP SCHAFF.

WITH Christ! . . . No idling time was  
life to thee,  
O friend beloved! Thy feet right onward  
press'd.  
Sun-like, from morning east to evening west,  
Thou wert what man, if truth-inspired, can be.  
Thy walk, like Enoch's, proved thy high  
degree.  
Thy vision, grasping much, still seem'd in  
quest  
Of something higher, grander, e'en the best  
That God vouchsafes to our humanity.  
Outreaching to the far, receding days  
When marvellous man was in his infancy—  
The days of old that darken as we look—  
And yet alert to passing thought and ways,  
Thy mind became a many-languaged book,  
Thy life a stalwart, many-fruited tree.

## WILLIAM C. CATTELL.

A FRUITFUL life of deeds not born to  
die,

Of wise beginnings brought to full fruition,  
His works remain as a perpetual mission  
To humankind while tides of time flow by.

Alert to duty's call, its welcome cry  
Went in his soul. The foremost of the van,  
He battled on the side of right and man,  
And in God's name achieved his purpose  
high.

A true, sweet spirit sway'd his dauntless mind  
While wielding silently an arm of power.

In his minuter duties as in great  
The Christ was Lord, and Him he walk'd  
behind,

Doing his will. When came life's parting  
hour,

He pass'd to heaven through morning's  
sunlit gate!

## A MEMORY.

“THE Master calleth thee!” She rose,  
and bow'd  
Before his Presence. 'Twas a step, but one,  
From home to heaven. Her life, on earth  
begun,  
Hath now its perfect garniture, endow'd  
With eyes that see, with ears that hear,  
with heart  
That taketh in the glories of the place,  
The peace, the joy, the fulness of the grace,  
The Lord to his beloved doth impart.  
O happy home, that land of Paradise!  
No sin, no pain, no sorrow evermore,  
With perfect bliss and lasting treasure stored:  
And lo! its King, whose beauty fills her eyes,  
Hath brought her in upon its golden floor  
To be with Him! Forever with her Lord!

## CALLED IN THE MORNING.

GONE in the morn of day  
While nearing to the line  
That lies between the time of play  
And manhood's coming sign :

Before the summer sun  
Were half-meridian high,  
Or ere his fancy had begun  
To sketch the by-and-by.

Not order'd for the march  
And battle of this life,  
Not his to pass beneath the arch  
Of glory-giving strife.

Not his to bear the brunt  
Amid the push of man,  
To stand a soldier at the front,  
The foremost of the van.

His was a gentler lot ;  
God only knoweth why  
The time is set, the way, the spot,  
All sons of man must die.

Blest are the call'd of God  
Ere come the evil days :  
Thrice blest are they who long have trod  
In love and wisdom's ways.



## UP AND AT IT.

SAY! is this world an idling place  
For man, with hands unlifted,  
To let life's current flow apace  
Till to the brink he's drifted?

Is it a couch whereon to moan  
And magnify a sorrow?  
And sigh whene'er the day is gone  
As if there were no morrow?

Is it a place wherein to fret  
And turn all work to travail,  
Or dream our lot on earth is set  
Old mysteries to unravel?

Why close our tent at morning-dawn  
And, lazily reclining,  
Growl out, with many a sleepy yawn,  
The sun is never shining?



To whine o'er trouble as we may  
    Will make its weight no lighter,  
And grumbling o'er a cloudy day  
    Will make the skies no brighter.

Light always shines within the heart  
    Of every man right-minded,  
But he who splits its rays apart  
    Becometh colour-blinded.

The clipper swiftly skims the seas,  
    A fairy-bird of ocean:  
The hulk drifts slowly in the breeze  
    With forward-backward motion.

Shall we not lend a lifting hand  
    To him whose foot may stumble?  
For who can hope he'll always stand  
    Without a slip or tumble?

Unhappy man with naught to do!  
    A blessed boon is labour,  
When steadfastly our way we hew  
    And envy not our neighbour.

His bundle has its crooked sticks,  
Whatever be his station ;  
His heart may have annoying pricks  
That sting to desperation.

Then covet not another's pelf,  
A sting is in the honey ;  
Who works for God works for himself,  
And lays up heavenly money.



“UNITE, OR DIE!”

“UNITE, or die!” Prophetic phrase  
The ancient penny bore  
In our heroic fathers' days,  
The glorious days of yore.

“Unite, or die!” The legend true  
Befits this later age,  
When demagogues—a medley crew—  
At Freedom's portal rage.

“Unite, or die!” Behold the foe!  
The shouts of battle ring!  
While Anarchy is crouching low  
To make a stealthy spring.

“Unite, or die!” No tribal name,  
No bickering to-day!  
Let Nero laugh at Rome in flame,  
Let careless jesters play.

“Unite, or die!” Is this the hour  
To waken party strife?  
Why yield to Anarchy the power  
To take our nation’s life?

“Unite, or die!” Why give up all  
Our fathers built so well?  
Arise, ye freemen! Man the wall  
Of Freedom’s citadel!

“Unite, or die!” Look not askance,  
Be men in deed and name!  
Remember how fair, sunny France  
The sport of Death became.



## ISLAM SHALL BE BROKEN.

ARMENIA hath been whelm'd in blood,  
A sea of crimson waters,  
And Europe calmly saw the flood  
Engulf its sons and daughters!

O, Britain! where's thy faith of old?  
Dost fear to risk thy treasure?  
O, Teuton kings, once brave and bold,  
Await ye Hamid's pleasure?

Is there no man among ye all?  
No Christian king heroic?  
Must Greece a martyr nation fall,  
And ye supine and stoic?

Lo! tiny Crete, the long oppress'd,  
Dares strike at the aggressors,  
And Greece, the mother, bares her breast  
To shield her from oppressors.

O for a year of Cromwell's sway !  
His whisper was live thunder,  
That made the vultures drop their prey  
And flee in fear and wonder.

The man is coming for the hour !  
The Grecian isles have spoken !  
The Lord Almighty give the power  
And Islam shall be broken !



## THE WAGGING WORLD.

A N olden man with fatherly eye  
Beholds the crowds that are flitting by,  
Like children chasing a butterfly.

His step is slow and his eye is dim:  
So near the verge of its outer rim  
The world has little that's strange to him.

Full well he knows the good and the ill,  
The tempting sweet and the bitter pill;  
They haunt the halls of memory still.

A fool is wont to grumble and fret,  
As if he were a grandmother's pet  
And all mankind to him were in debt.

Around the world there is room for all,  
But some will push the weak to the wall  
And set their foot on any that fall.

Each soul on earth is a single star :  
Some seem anear and others afar,  
But all should move without any jar.

'Tis simple truth that a real man  
Will aim to live on the Master's plan,  
And all should work wherever they can.

Some claim a sphere that is not for them ;  
Their daily bread their palates condemn :  
They long for fruit from a golden stem.

'Twas so to him in his far-off days,  
But when he reach'd the parting of ways,  
The upward path led out of the maze.

The tree that beareth a heavenly fruit,  
With not a worm on branches or root,  
A dainty taste seems never to suit.

Yet all must eat of the tree or die ;  
And none need question the reason why ;  
For Christ the loving utters the cry.



And all may choose the uppermost path  
Open'd by Christ, that saveth from scath,  
As many a weary wayfarer hath.

Alas for all in the downward way!  
Their sins bear interest they must pay;  
How vast the sum on settlement day!

\* \* \*

A sweet-faced woman came leading along  
A waif she'd saved from horrible wrong:  
Sure there were angels hid in the throng!

The old man leaning upon his cane  
Thought in himself, "And still it is plain  
Our Lord came not to the world in vain.

For hymns of praise and the thankful prayer  
Hallow the morning and evening air  
In happy homes, and the Lord is there.

The earth is bless'd with heavenly fanes,  
Houses of healing for ills and pains,  
And sheltering nests from tempests and rains.

The generous spirit is growing more rife  
To check the rage for carnage and strife,  
To hold the olive, and bury the knife.

The Lord our God, the fountain of truth,  
Will quicken all the nations forsooth,  
Till Eden blooms in its primitive youth."

The ancient's mind grew hopeful and calm,  
His after-thoughts were comforting balm  
As he sought his home intoning a psalm.



## GEORGE W. CHILDS.

THE world hath lost a man. His path  
    he strew'd  
With gentle kindnesses and words of grace.  
From all degrees of men his open face  
Won high regard or earnest gratitude.  
With sturdy honesty and truth endued,  
His soul was written on his countenance,  
And all might read him at a casual glance,  
As on a world-wide pedestal he stood.  
By unclean pelf his hand and heart un-  
    stain'd,  
Strong for the right, and turning not aside  
Whene'er the public weal was in debate,  
He justified the honour he had gain'd.  
If specks in marble envious eyes espied,  
His faith in God was his sure armour-  
    plate.

## APHORISMS.

WHY bend upon a slavish knee  
To folk of misty ages,  
As men ordain'd of Heaven to be  
The wisest of all sages?

Why in a sombre conclave sit  
Enwrapt in murky vapours  
Within a cobwebb'd grotto lit  
By error's flickering tapers?

The world hath had its babyhood,  
Its time of simple prattle,  
When, infant-like, its highest good  
Was found in bell and rattle.

Long years the ghostly sciolists  
Sat round tradition's table,  
With eyes obscured by smoky mists,  
Till history rivall'd fable.

Now philosophes of mental twist  
O'er solveless questions wrangle,  
Until the skein of truth, I wist,  
Becomes a matted tangle.

The critic's diatribe may be  
Conceitedly dogmatic;  
He needeth eyes with power to see  
From cellar unto attic.

'Tis devil's play to stir up strife  
Entailing harm and sorrow;  
A quarrel hath too long a life:  
Postpone it till the morrow.

The tittle-tattle of a town  
May set a blizzard whirling:  
The stone that struck a giant down  
Was of a stripling's hurling.

It is not wise to pitch a tent  
Beside a pool that's quiet:  
As simple he whose time is spent  
In tilts of wordy riot.

Forbear the double-edgëd sneer,  
A blade too keen to handle :  
Drop not within a gossip's ear  
A seed that groweth scandal.

A single stick of dynamite  
May rend a steamer's metal ;  
Let turbid waters stand o'er night,  
The sediment will settle.

The world is not a cricket-field  
For knocking out a brother ;  
The sharpest weapon we can wield  
Is love to one another.

Of all the graces Paul doth cite  
The chief is loving-kindness ;  
So do not haste a man to smite  
Who staggers in his blindness.

The word of God is perfect light  
Unsever'd by our prisms :  
One colour kept alone in sight  
May lead to error's isms.

The truth is truth in every age  
Wherever writ or spoken :  
Who wisely pores the Bible page  
His faith will ne'er be broken.

Despite the highest critic's knife,  
Despite the skeptic's libel,  
The only Way, the Truth, the Life,  
Is Jesus of the Bible.

Ho, all the world ! the Christ hath died,  
And died for man the sinner ;  
And, whatsoever may betide,  
The Christ will be the winner.



## GRANDDAUGHTER DOROTHY,

"THE GIFT OF GOD."

DOROTHY! Behold she sleepeth,  
In the hall of silence lying,  
Where is neither pain nor crying,  
Not a grief nor any sighing;  
Watchful guard her angel keepeth.

Dorothy! Behold she waketh,  
God's own lamb, in realms of splendor:  
To the Shepherd, her defender,  
All its love her heart doth render:  
Of his love the child partaketh.

Dorothy! What precious meaning,  
Gift of God! In its completeness,  
Redolent with love and sweetness;  
For this lamb a special meetness,  
On the Shepherd's bosom leaning!



Dorothy! The gift remaineth,  
Hidden, yet in memory's keeping;  
Unto us not dead, but sleeping;  
Faith forbidding sighs or weeping,  
For our Lord 'the soul sustaineth.

April, 1899.



## THE VOYAGERS OF YORE.

CAST off the hawser !  
Let the good ship go !  
The flag of glory flapping  
In the wind to and fro :  
Sung the sailors' chorus,  
Hoy ! yho ! heave ho !

As she glideth down the river  
Hearts of gentle women quiver  
With a yearning, fond emotion  
Deep as love's unfathom'd ocean ;  
Yet beyond a looming sorrow  
Hope foresees a shining morrow.

Fair the breezes, brisk and steady,  
And the ship, far off already,  
In the dim horizon fadeth  
And the keenest eye evadeth.

\* \* \*

Where-away? What lies before her?  
Will the skies be cloudless o'er her?  
Or will murky fogs benight her,  
Or the lightning-arrow smite her?  
Will a cyclone hurl her, drifting  
O'er the wayward waters, shifting  
    Hither, thither,  
    Every-whither,  
As the blast may haply sweep her?  
Will her helm from stranding keep her,  
Or will she, with crash like thunder,  
Rive on hidden rocks asunder,—  
Ship and crew go down together  
In the battle with the weather?

\* \* \*

Where-away? The point magnetic,  
With the needle sympathetic,  
Shows the lighthouse of creation—  
Faithful Pole-Star!—on its station,  
Beacon to the navigator  
While he steers for the equator.  
Down the South Atlantic hasting,  
Not an inch of canvas wasting,  
Till the Cape the vessel reaches  
Where the windy tempest screeches:

Spite of beetling waves terrific,  
Proudly entering the Pacific.  
Like a swan the vessel's motion  
O'er the earth's sublimest ocean:  
Touching at enchanted islands,  
Verdant lowlands, rocky highlands—  
Trafficking with nations olden,  
Peoples raven-hair'd or golden—  
Striking many a fair-hand bargain  
With the tribes of tangled jargon,  
Gathering bijoux oriental,  
Curious, rare, or ornamental,  
O'er which cultured vision lingers,  
Deftly wrought by cunning fingers—  
Carpetings of weird devices,  
Silks and shawls, and odorous spices—  
Wares of use and freaks of fancy  
Rivalling tales of necromancy.  
Rarer cargo never floated  
Save the one in Scripture noted,  
When the Ark, a special wonder,  
Rode o'er hill-tops buried under.

Up with the anchor!  
Turn about the prow:  
To the freeman's country  
Point her steady bow;

All is taut above her,  
All is snug below:  
With Providence her keeper  
Let the good ship go!

\* \* \*

Where-away? Is patience dying?  
Why is time so slowly flying?  
Irk some is the silent waiting:  
O how fast is hope abating!  
Pining 'neath a needless burden  
'Stead of seeking heavenly guerdon,  
Oft a heart the worst is fearing  
Near the morning-hour of cheering.  
Lo! the Moses in the rushes!  
Ere her fears the mother hushes,  
He who floated on the water  
Is the ward of Pharaoh's daughter!

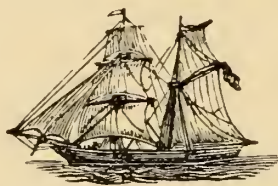
Hark! beyond a jutting islet  
Signal guns forewarn a pilot.  
'Tis the ship! All staunch and glorious,  
Over storms and calms victorious,  
Up she cometh, treasure-laden  
For the mother, wife, and maiden!

Chief of all, the boon she bringeth  
Is the joyful heart, that singeth  
Praises to the Lord and Master  
Who hath warded off disaster.

\* \* \*

We see not the Hand that holds us,  
Nor how Providence enfolds us :  
Man nor vessel ever faileth  
That by heavenly guidance saileth :  
Seamen with the storm may wrestle,  
Prayers of faith insure the vessel.

1899.



## THE OLD BATTLE.

The Christ will triumph at the last.

THE battle that of old began  
Between the Good and Evil,  
Still rages in the heart of man  
Mid tumult and upheaval.

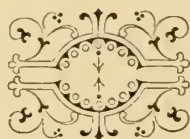
Beelzebub, the prince of lies,  
In secret sets his pickets,  
Unwary mortals to surprise  
In snares and pits and thickets.

No truce between these deadly foes ;  
'Tis conquer or surrender !  
Sin strikes at truth incessant blows,  
But God is her defender.

At times the foe 'comes rashly bold,  
But soon in dust he wallows,  
For truth, like Aaron's rod of old,  
The root of error swallows.

The tempter hidden 'neath a veil  
Sings softly like a charmer,  
The spear of truth breaks through his mail  
Atween the joints of armor.

1896.





## THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

I SAY the happiest man in the land  
Is he who grippeth a hoe in his hand,  
And merrily sings, while stepping along,  
His heart always beating time with his song.

The hoe need not be of iron or steel,  
Nor aught so gross that fingers can feel :  
'Tis simply a talent Providence lends  
For generous uses and brotherly ends.

The man with the hoe ! the hero who sweeps  
The dust of error to bottomless deeps :  
He setteth no lie to ride on the truth,  
Nor twists the conscience of credulous youth.

The man with the hoe ! What boots it to him  
That over broad oceans his vessel must skim,  
That high mountain tops he climbeth upon  
To note when Miss Venus kisses the Sun.

The man with the hoe ! He strikes for the pole  
The icy leaves of the earth to unroll :  
For wondering men the book to explain,  
He beareth the blast, the hunger, the pain.

The man with the hoe ! digs wisely and deep,  
Unearthing the secrets that nature doth keep :  
He delves in the mines for beautiful things  
Surpassing the gems in chests of the kings.

The man with the hoe ! He burrows the plains  
To read the ruins where mystery reigns ;  
The rolls of papyrus he biddeth to speak  
And history tell, unknown to the Greek.

He tilleth the soil and pileth it round  
The succulent roots that sleep in the ground :  
He carefully tends the up-coming shoot,  
And hungry people partake of the fruit.

The man with the hoe ! is he who stands up  
And sweetens for others their sorrowful cup ;  
Who carries a burden for them that are weak,  
Who treadeth the wilds a wanderer to seek.

With spunk in his soul and grit in his brain,  
The man with the hoe his place will attain :  
He battles his way through thick and through  
    thin,  
And, watching his time, he bravely goes in.

And certes it is the man with the hoe  
Will never be found the last of the row :  
The shade of his footstep always will fall  
Where he may become a helper to all.

Some men of the hoe have gold by the ton,  
Yet work on God's plan till set of the sun :  
Not theirs to dally till destiny's day,  
And pass as the dew in mid-summer's ray.

Yet 'tis not the gold that maketh the man :  
'Tis doing the best wherever he can ;  
Who stands in his lot with hearty good will,  
And handles the hoe with patience and skill.

His house may be plain from cellar to roof,  
But love is therein the warp and the woof ;  
A texture of life with colours inwrought,  
Its tints from the west at sun-setting caught.

To every one there is given a hoe,  
To work for his weal or ply for his woe ;  
The fault is in him who scorneth to do  
The measure of toil God calleth him to.

One spurneth the hoe that falls to his lot ;  
But let him work on, 'tis the best he has got ;  
Just let him evince by his work and his wit,  
That for some larger tool he is suitably fit.

A lazy man is humanity's bane,  
A tree without leaf, a field without rain,  
A hoe without handle, a clapperless bell,  
A knife without edge, a bucketless well.

Not him who sulks in a slatternly room,  
Unlit by even a flower in bloom,  
But him the comforting man with the hoe,  
Who droppeth a seed in hope it may grow.

If seeds that are ripe burst out of the shell,  
They grow into plants that none can excel ;  
The least on the earth the greatest in heaven :  
The worth of a man depends on his leaven.

All treasure is God's: by Him it is lent,  
And man must account for how it is spent ;  
If rich or if poor is naught to the Lord:  
Who labours for Him will have his reward.

Who works with the Master, he shall find rest ;  
Who toils in His vineyard, he shall be blest ;  
All pity for man not born with a hoe,  
In earth or in heaven no place can he know.

The man or the woman who doeth His will,  
The chief end of life will better fulfill ;  
What's all the world, contrasted beside  
The wondrous orbs that in high glory ride?

God reckons not by clockmaker's time ;  
The smallest doings to Him are sublime ;  
The rudest of rock proclaimeth His praise  
As well as the diamond's manifold rays.

'Tis folly to weep o'er the man with a hoe,  
When God in His wisdom created him so,  
Who hath him in forming for station so high  
Not all the wealth of a Cræsus could buy.

The man with the hoe that filleth his part,  
With trust in the Lord and grace in his heart,  
Is more than a prince in poverty's guise,  
The son of the Highest to seraphims' eyes.

The man with the hoe ! The symbol of all  
On whom the mantle of labour may fall ;  
To toil with the arm or toil with the brain,  
Till muscle shall shrink or intellect wane.

The Master is wise, the Master is just :  
He cheateth himself who fails in his trust ;  
Who worketh for God finds comfort and health  
For body and soul and heavenly wealth.

1899.



## GUDE PETER BOYD.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF  
THE SAINT ANDREW SOCIETY,  
NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

GUDE Peter Boyd, this please to say  
To brithers on Saint Andrew's day:

Nay, nay, gude friends! I canna gae  
From Germantown so far away,  
Especially o' nichts.  
E'en if St. Andrew wink'd to me  
To come ayont the salty sea  
To Scotia's vales and heights,  
I'd have to answer: Andy, nay!  
I'm ower auld for social play,  
And bear the load of many a year,—  
Ay! more than friends would care to hear;

I canna risk my weary banes  
Upon the town's hard-hearted stanes,  
In these cauld and wintry times,  
'That chill the writer of these rhymes:  
Else, I'd be very apt to show  
Myself a dancing vertigo.  
St. Andrew's men are friends indeed  
To ilka brither in his need;  
And they have help'd the widows, too,  
And orphan children not a few.  
Now three times fifty years have gane,  
And they have done their work amain,  
Yet many fifty years may they  
Turn sorrow's night to cheerful day.

1899.





## NEW YEAR SALUTATIONS

FROM DIARY.

1895.

NINETY-FIVE has just gone out,  
Passing through Time's winter gate :  
Ninety-six has entered in,  
Walking with becoming state ;  
And it means to make a stay  
One day longer on its way  
Beneath the canopy of heaven  
Before it bows to Ninety-seven,  
To take a stall among the past,  
Its robe of days around it cast,  
Within the Memory Hall of Time,  
Immortal mummies in the cave  
That forms its immaterial grave :  
Days of goodness, days of shame,  
Days of wonders most sublime,  
Since our Lord and Master came.  
May Ninety-six a blessing be  
To you, dear friends—to all—to me.

1896.

Good-by, Old Year!  
Some care—more cheer!  
To God be praise and thanks sincere  
For all His mercies to us here.  
Come in New Year,  
Young Ninety-seven!  
With the graciousness of heaven  
To all lands in goodness given;  
While sweet and clear  
Be our spirit's atmosphere.

1897.

Old Ninety-seven has jumped the track,  
Young Ninety-eight is at his back  
To watch the world wag on its way  
As has been done for many a day.  
'Twas twelve o'clock on Friday night  
The old year slipped away from sight,  
The young one mounting in his place  
To run a solitary race;  
And never early, never late,  
'Twill move at the accustom'd gait,  
Nor ever fast, nor ever slow,  
Though folk will often fancy so.  
As deaf and dumb as any sphinx  
It onward goes and never winks;  
Yet all along the world must go,  
Nor ever utter yes or no,  
In ways of weal or ways of woe.  
May the Great Giver of the year  
Make all our pathways plain and clear  
From every hidden stumbling-stone:  
All praise be unto Him alone!

1898.

'Twill no longer wait,  
And in befitting state  
Goes out the midnight gate  
To enter in the door  
That leads to nevermore,  
The sea that has no shore,  
And not a breeze blows o'er.

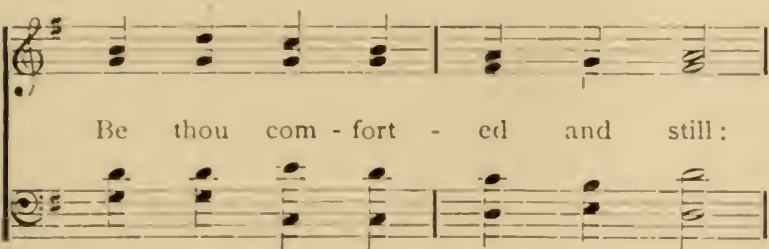
1899.

Robed in snow-white raiment fine  
Entereth young Ninety-nine  
On this hallow'd Sabbath-day,—  
Grace attend her steps, we pray;  
Sweet and gentle be her sway.  
May the Lord his blessing lay  
On us all along the way!

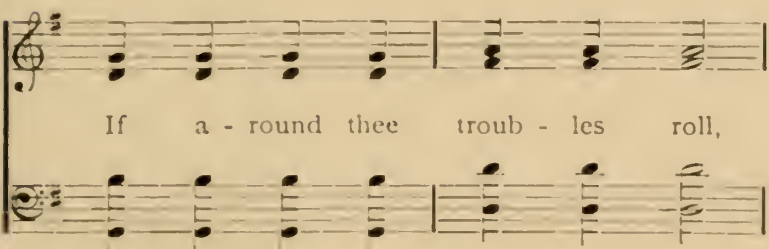
## REST IN CHRIST.



Lie thee down and rest, my soul ;



Be thou com - fort - ed and still :



If a - round thee trou - les roll,



Let them come as God may will. A - MEN.

# ONWARD, COMRADES! MOVE ALONG!

KATHERINE MACKELLAR.

On - ward, com - rades! move a - long!

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains two measures of music, each with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, and a final measure with a whole note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing two measures of music, each with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, and a final measure with a whole note. The lyrics 'On - ward, com - rades! move a - long!' are written below the staves.

High - er up! High - er up! Sing - ing faith's tri -

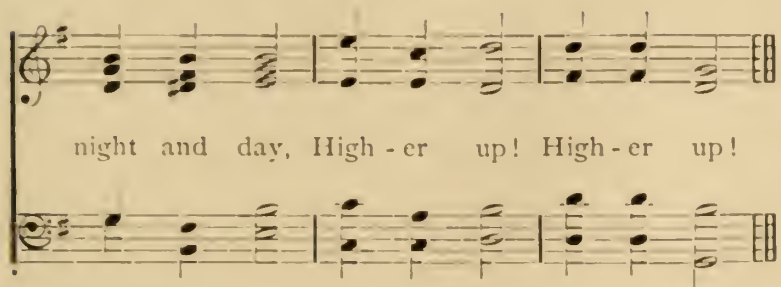
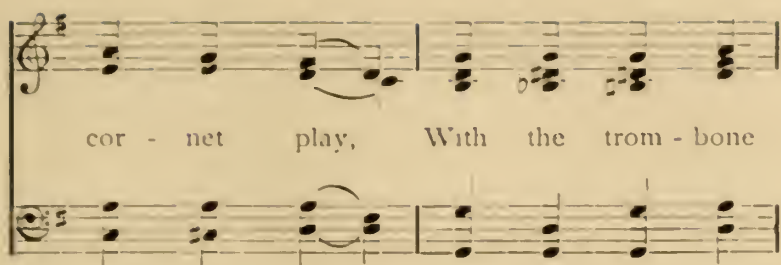
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um - phal song! High - er up! High - er up!

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains two measures of music, each with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, and a final measure with a whole note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing two measures of music, each with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, and a final measure with a whole note. The lyrics 'um - phal song! High - er up! High - er up!' are written below the staves.

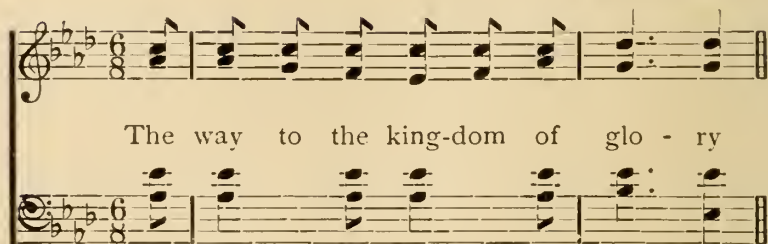
Strike the tim-brel on the way, Let the sil - ver

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains two measures of music, each with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, and a final measure with a whole note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing two measures of music, each with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, and a final measure with a whole note. The lyrics 'Strike the tim-brel on the way, Let the sil - ver' are written below the staves.



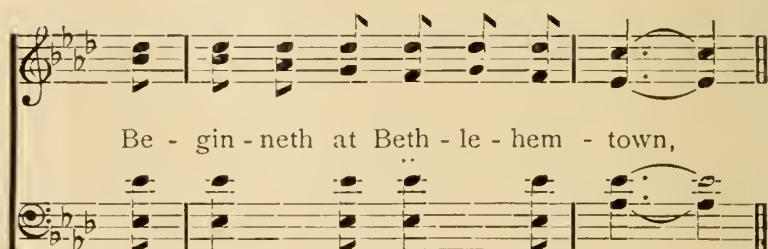
# THE WAY TO THE KINGDOM OF GLORY.

Katherine MacKellar.



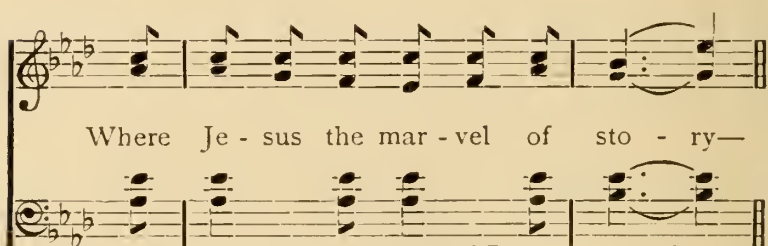
The way to the king-dom of glo - ry

This block contains the first line of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.



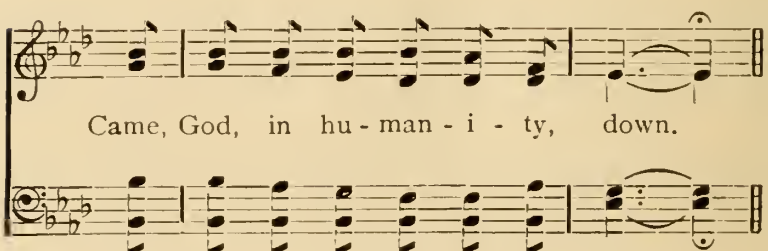
Be - gin - neth at Beth - le - hem - town,

This block contains the second line of the hymn. The musical notation continues from the first line, with the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.



Where Je - sus the mar - vel of sto - ry—

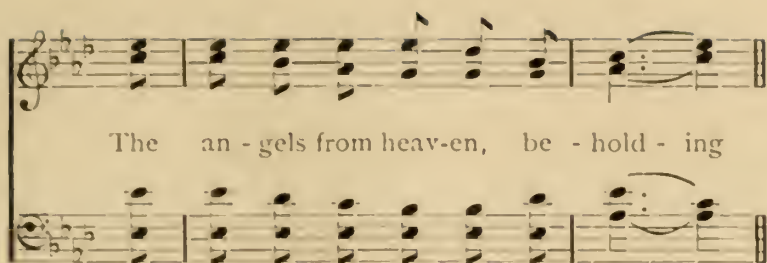
This block contains the third line of the hymn. The musical notation continues, with the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.



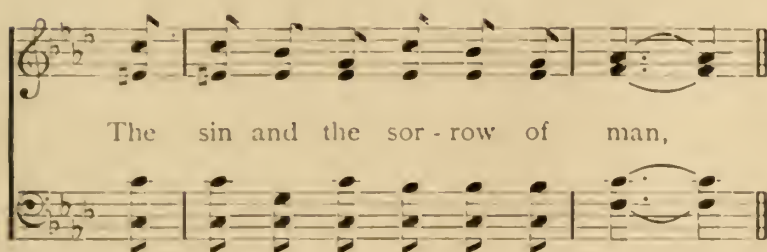
Came, God, in hu - man - i - ty, down.

This block contains the fourth line of the hymn. The musical notation concludes the phrase with the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

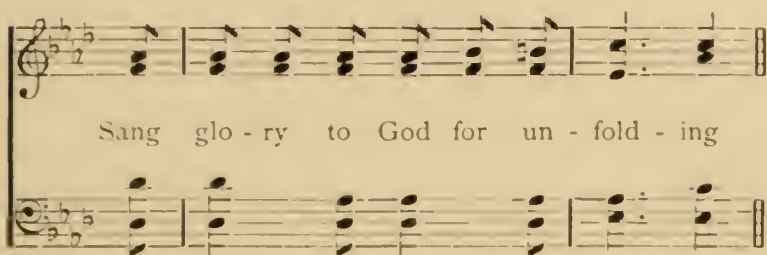




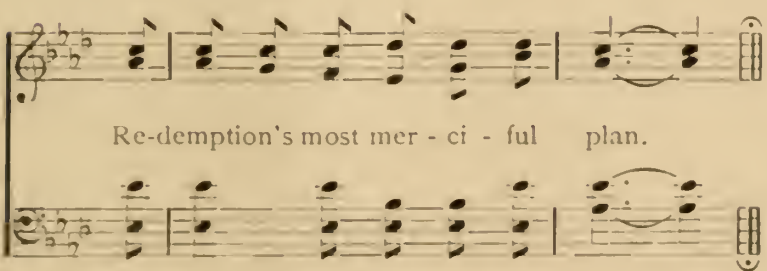
The an - gels from heav-en, be - hold - ing



The sin and the sor - row of man,



Sang glo - ry to God for un - fold - ing



Re-demption's most mer - ci - ful plan.

# GENTLE SHEPHERD !

Katherine MacKellar.

Gen - tle Shepherd ! in Thy grace, Lead us dai - ly

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

to the place, Where Thy pas-tures rich and green,

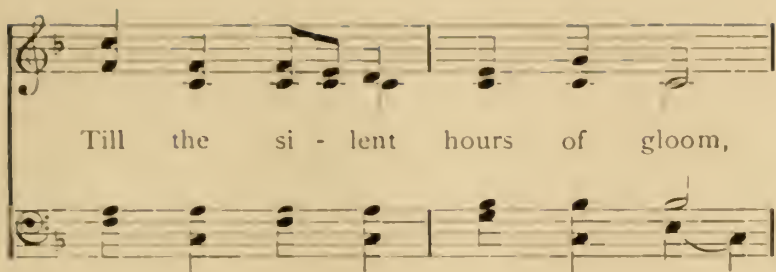
The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same musical notation and structure, with the upper staff carrying the melody and the lower staff providing harmonic support.

Are refresh'd by brooks between. Loving Shepherd !

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody in the upper staff features some rests and longer note values, while the accompaniment in the lower staff continues with steady chords.

in the night, Fold us 'neath Thine arm of might,

The fourth and final system of music on this page concludes the melody and accompaniment. The melody in the upper staff ends with a final note, and the accompaniment in the lower staff provides a concluding harmonic structure.



Till the si - lent hours of gloom,

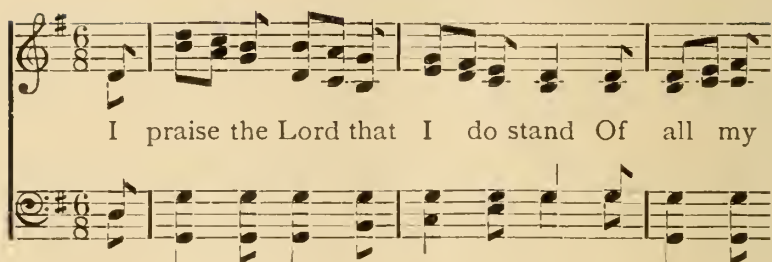


Morn - ing's glo - rious robes as - sume.



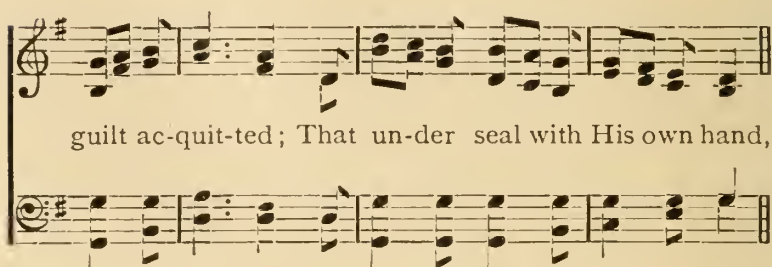
# MY LORD AND SAVIOUR.

KATHERINE MACKELLAR.



I praise the Lord that I do stand Of all my

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'I praise the Lord that I do stand Of all my' are written below the treble staff.



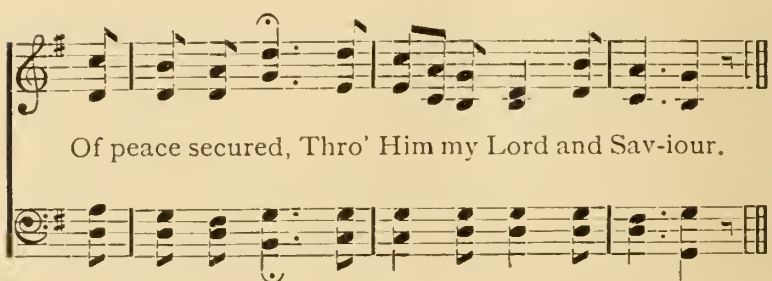
guilt ac-quit-ted; That un-der seal with His own hand,

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'guilt ac-quit-ted; That un-der seal with His own hand,' are written below the treble staff.



He hath my sins re-mit-ted. I am as-sured,

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'He hath my sins re-mit-ted. I am as-sured,' are written below the treble staff.



Of peace secured, Thro' Him my Lord and Sav-iour.

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the final line of the hymn on this page. The melody concludes in the treble staff, and the bass staff concludes with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Of peace secured, Thro' Him my Lord and Sav-iour.' are written below the treble staff.





May 1904  
New York



